

Home-Dressmaking,
By Mme. Judice.

How to Make Over Gowns.

Old Rose and Black.

Dear Mme. Judice:
I have a special affair to attend and I would like a dress made up of the sample enclosed for the occasion. How should it be made and with what trimmings? I want it just as neat as possible. I am seventeen years old, have light brown hair and am rather pale. I would like something to make me look extraordinarily well, as I am to be an important guest at the affair.

MAY.

Your old rose pink cloth will combine nicely with black or self-toned velvet, and you might add a touch of cream lace or gilt thread. Bias bands of the velvet set in below the knees of a full, round skirt and a baby waist with a valance of velvet edging, a drop shoulder yoke and elbow sleeve puffed of cream lace run in and out with gold thread will give you a gown suitable as guest of honor or for any dressy occasion.

For a Girl of Seventeen.

Dear Mme. Judice:
Kindly advise as to the making of a dress for a girl seventeen years old; something inexpensive, yet pretty. What is the newest spring shade, and also the material? She is inclined to be stout, so I would like something to give her a slim appearance.

F. B. R.

Hunter's green promises to be a great favorite in colors this spring, and it is distinctly new. A brooch made with a many-gored skirt and an Eton or box-front jacket is a good design for stout figures. A very pale blue or a tan shade

on the champagne skin tint will make a pretty combination used as collar, revers and cuffs.

A Brown Zibeline.

Dear Mme. Judice:
I have about seven yards of suit, of which I enclose sample, and would ask your aid in the making of it. Am 5 feet 7 inches tall, and slim, and a decided blonde. Am sixteen years of age.

B. E. M.

A Continental coat and a military jacket are both good designs for your style of figure, and any of the new modes in skirts, gored or plaited, will go nicely with these coats and make up well in gun brown zibeline with fine tan stripes. Match the tan shade in broadcloth and use for collar, revers, rolling cuffs and hip pockets, and attach neatly in the brown. Flat gilt buttons on the fronts, cuffs and hip pocket will add a smart touch.

For Summer and Winter.

Dear Mme. Judice:
Kindly suggest a pretty black skirt. I was told to get a black brilliantine and to have three straps of moire or peau de sole silk, as either of these are more serviceable than taffeta. I want something which could be worn summer and winter.

M. M. D.

Siellene cloth is the newest material for odd skirts for spring and summer wear. A pretty design is a five-gored skirt with a box or side plaited flounce set on below the knees, plaited in very wide flat plaits at least 4 to 6 inches wide. You could strap the seams with taffeta and finish with a few silk buttons, but machine stitching is very effective in the smooth surface of the siellene cloth.

Pretty Costume for a Girl.

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Actresses May Make Herself as Charming.

The Actress Knows
How to Dress
Her Hair
Youthfully



To Cleanse
The Throat
And Shoulders
The Actress
Washes
Herself



The
Actress
Wears A
Hat That
Casts Just The
Right Shadow On The
Face.



The Actress Is
Most Particular
About Her
Foot-Wear.

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of Real Proposals.

Ways of Popping the Question.

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A PRIZE OF \$10 is offered for a woman's account of the most inviting proposal of marriage that she has actually received.

A PRIZE OF \$5 for the account of the most romantic situation under which a proposal of marriage was really made, told by either party.

Send letters, not over 150 words in length and written on one side of the paper only, to Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Evening World.

"Music Hath Charms."

Dear Miss Ayer:
I have read with great interest, mine is short, but ended sweetly. My husband proposed in this way: "Ethel, your music to-night has charmed me as nothing before ever did. You alone can fill my home, day after day. I have never regretted my present position, and wish every reader of The Evening World was as happy as we are two. ETHEL M. SEVENTEEN."

An Interruption.

Dear Miss Ayer:
When I was a girl of seventeen I went for a sleigh ride with a young man. We were riding along very nicely when he took hold of my hand and began to say: "Will you?" When the horse shied to one side, over went the sleigh and out we both fell into the snow; and while he picked me up he continued: "Will you be my driver for life?" I replied: "No, only for to-night." SEVENTEEN.

A Lover to the Rescue.

Dear Miss Ayer:
After reading all the interesting proposals I decided to write of a little experience that I had, the result of which has made me a very happy wife for a number of years. I was one of a large party of skaters on a bright moonlight night, and after skating quite some time I grew brave and skated just about as near the danger line as I could; but alas! I skated too near, and with a crash went down into the icy waters. My husband (that now is) came at once to my assistance, but refused to take me out until I had



Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

promised to be his wife. I promised, and have been a happy wife ever since.

She Brought Him Luck.

Dear Miss Ayer:
On a glorious evening in early summer, just as the evening star came visible, I stood on the platform of the "L." I remember I was dressed all in white, my dearest friend having remarked on a previous occasion that white was most becoming to me. He and I were returning from a day's trip to Manhattan Beach. The train came thundering along. We were just in time. In fact, we had been just in time all day, for every car and boat, on which fact I hastily commented. My comrade replied: "I always have good luck when I travel with you. What do you say to our always journeying together after this, 'thru' life?" As I stepped on the car I said "All right." In less than a year we married. B. L. S.

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The Springtime of Love. By Charles Garvice.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

JOAN GRIMBY becomes engaged to Lord Deansbury.

He persuades her to elope with him to London.

While he has gone in search of a marriage license, his friend Bertie Dewsbury, who does not mean to marry her, she runs away.

CHAPTER II.

Fate's Strange Game.

JOAN GRIMBY, the words she had

fed to escape still echoing in her

ears, fled wildly, aimlessly, through

crowded streets. As she went, her

righteous, beautiful face impressed

itself on more than one passerby. Among

those who looked keenly at her was a

dark, handsome man. This was

Mordaunt Royce, the man who acted as

partner to old Craddock, by luring fas-

hionable young spendthrifts into the

money-lender's web.

Royce was on his way to Craddock's

office as he passed Joan. His brain was

full of the story Craddock had told him

of the existence of the missing grand-

daughter of the Earl of Arrowfield, who

would, if found, inherit the old Earl's

fortune, now enjoyed by Stuart Villars.

On reaching Craddock's office Royce

found the lawyer looking at a large,

framed portrait.

"It abstracted it from the world, Vil-

lars' place in Devonshire," the user

said in reply to a query from Royce.

"It's the picture of the old Earl's wife,

LORD DEWSBURY'S ODD FIND.



It was the Portrait that Craddock had taken from The World.

heard the whole conversation. By means

of a little expenditure of money and

ingenuity he found the drowned and

unrecognizable body of a woman at the

Mordaunt Royce, from an inner office,

with grief, Stuart left England, and

going to Monte Carlo, sought to drown

memory in gambling.

Meanwhile Joan, fainting with hunger

and exhaustion, met a little soubrette

named Emily Harwood, who, touched

by the other's helpless condition, took

Joan home with her to her own humble

little room, where she lived with her

humble father.

Joan, as she grew better, would have

gone away, but Emily would not hear

of it. She took Joan with her to the

theatre during rehearsal. There Joan

at length got a small part, and through

rare good luck and by her beauty and

voice was chosen to fill the place of

the celebrated Miss Muzurka when the

latter chanced to fall ill.

Joan made a great and unprecedented

hit. Her beauty and acting drew Lon-

don wild.

Royce, going to the theatre one night,

recognized her, and, indeed, there to re-

duce. She was playing (and living)

under the name of Ida Trevelyan.

While Royce set out to win Joan

merely for the money he believed she

was heir to, he soon found himself, for

the first time in his life, hopelessly in

love.

"His manner toward her was always

tearfully deferential. At first something

indefinite about her repelled her. But

soon she grew to like him. He never

aroused her love. She believed her

heart dead. Yet she gladly accorded

Royce her friendship.

In the meantime in Monte Carlo, Vil-

lars had become acquainted with Miss

Muzurka, who had come there to re-

cuperate. He learned from her that

Joan, whom she had once engaged,

had deserted her and now spent all his

time with the new actress, Ida Trevel-

yan, and that the latter woman had

sworn vengeance. Over-excitement and

the strain he had gone through at last

broke down Villars's iron strength. He

fell ill with brain fever. Miss Muzurka,

to whom his manifest unhappiness ap-

peared, urged him back to life. A rum-

or that he was to marry her reached

England, and came to Joan's ears at

last, causing her to give up all hope.

Lord Bertie Dewsbury had been un-

able to banish from his mind the mem-

ory of Joan's lovely, tear-stained face

as he had seen it when he warned her

against Villars. Night and day it was

in his mind, and he had been unable to

forget it. It was an old painting. Bertie

steepled forward it and it had been a

portrait that Craddock had taken from

The World. It was the face of Joan her-

self.

"Hem! Ah! that's a portrait of my

own aunt. Give it here, my lord," Crad-

dock said.

"Look here," he said, "you can make

out that check for nine hundred and

fifty if you like, and throw the portrait

in. I've taken a fancy to it."

"Oh, very well," he said, slowly. "If

you have taken a fancy to it, you shall

have it."

If Mr. Craddock had been blessed

with the faintest glimmer of what he

was doing, he would have purchased

that picture for twenty times

fifty pounds.

The day after Joan had read of Vil-

lars's illness Royce called. He found

her alone.

"The others are out," she said. "Will

you wait for them?"

"No," he answered. "I cannot wait. I

came—well, yes, to see you. I came to

say good-by."

"Good-by?"

"I will tell you. I am going because

I can bear it no longer. I thought I

was strong enough to see you right

after night and still my love as I had

promised, but I found that promise too

weak. I find my love too powerful."

"Stop! Listen to me," she said, heav-

ily. "I have sworn to give you up. I

asked me for my love—my love. I told

you then I could not give it to you. I

cannot. I have no love left to give. If

I had, it would have been yours. I

am your darling. I am your heart. I

am your life. I am your everything. I

am your love. I am your life. I am your

everything. I am your love. I